Emma Pelham

THE

SUMMER'S DAY;

WITH

NIGHT AND DEATH:

POEMS.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Now open Helicon, and Songs inſpire
Celeſtial Muſes.——— VIRG.

Thine be the theme, O bleſt *Urania*, thine,
With thoſe thy ſiſters on Pierus born,
Firſt by *Eupheme* foſter'd, nymph divine;
Now by the God of Harmony and Light,
Ineffable! o'er th' ſacred whole preſiding.
O lead me where the inſpir'd waters glide,
Smooth as the ſilver verſe they patroniſe;
Winding their choirs thro' ſweet Bœotia's vaſt,
Trembling on th' ſurface of the cryſtal fount,
Where thy own *Publius Virgilius* drank,
Immortaliz'd by Heaven, and next by Thee.

H.

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THE INVOCATION.

COME rosy Virtue, in bright Truth's defence;
Come softly smiling white-rob'd Innocence;
Come sweet Persuasion with thy silver gift;
Come Genius bright my agile thoughts uplift;
Come mild Contentment, and approach me near;
Come thou Benevolence, and drop—a tear!
Come pow'rful Music, aid unpolish'd lays;
Come sacred Reason teach me every phrase;
Come feeling Nature, to the heart impress;
Come sweet Simplicity—I' the simplest dress;
Come angel Softness, with the Muses' bowl;
Come blest Humanity—with guileless soul!
Come Charity with Orphans' shelt'ring wing;
Come lenient Judgement, mark the notes I sing;
Come Youth and let me pause thy vernal face;
Come silver Age, with thy well-schooling grace;

Come meek-ey'd Patience join the rural dance;
Come Modeſty—with trembling ſteps advance;
Come Gratitude whoſe mem'ry never lags;
Come thriftleſs Honeſty—welcome tho' in rags;
Come Piety amid a choſen band;
Come Temp'rance—bring Religion in thy hand;
Come ſoft Expreſſion, emulate thine eye!
Come Sympathy—and heave the gen'rous ſigh;
Come Memory, and rouſe me from my dream;
Come guardian Angels—waſt me to my theme.

THE

SUMMER'S DAY.

MORNING.

MINERVA's wakeful bird, ſtout Chanticleer,
Heralds the dawn, with clarion lofty notes,
And, as th' alarum, wakes the neighb'ring ſwains,
And calls the frolic ploughman to the field.
Look o'er yon hill, how fair the infant face
Of roſy morning breaks; now miſts ariſe,
Vapours of parent Earth; thick clouds diſperſe;
And, as from darkeſt Chaos, the fair day,
Reſumes its form of beauteous majeſty!
The warbling lark, in ſweeteſt melody,
Strains its little throat, riſing to meet th' morn.
Lo! i' the eaſt, where mild Aurora, rolls,
In car of burniſh'd gold, beſet with gems,
Such as the eaſtern province teem withal:
The di'mond, glitt'ring like my fair one's eyes;

The ruby, that reſembles her moiſt lip;
The orient pearl, enamel'd as the tear,
Which oft I've ſeen ſteal down her pallid cheek,
For mis'ry real—or fictitious woe!
Welcome, thrice welcome, Sol's beheſt, daughter,
And harbinger of Hyperion beauties!
Now golden Horus, tops yon tufted trees:—
Hail! God of light,—thou ever glorious ſun,
Whoſe beams, impower'd by the crooked ſign,
Ripen the fruits, and gladden all our plains,
Whoſe diadem, imperial ſends forth rays,—
Rays, that illume the earth, and e'en the air
Make viſible, as the duſt that flies before it:—
Lo! how prettily the myriads ſparkle!
Now th' atmoſphere, with ſtreaks of ſapphire blue
Is varied, and th' embroider'd eaſt, retains
Th' fiery colours of the blazing carbuncle.
Behold! oh Induſtry—yon tawny group,
Wide ſcatt'ring fragrance, o'er the ſtubble land,
Each toiling hard as th' induſtrious bee:
Some with broad ſweep, mowing the bended graſs,
While ſome the hay embrown'd for carting, heap;
Now they gather;—the welcome drink goes round,
In playful mood, they crack the hearty joke,
Joyous, loud rings the field with vacant laughs:
While th' miſchief-loving throng, at diſtance keep,

Smoth'ring each other, with th' fragrant armfull,
Well pleas'd to think, the toil muſt be renew'd!
The keen-ey'd farmer, on his ruſtic ſteed,
Scours, with careful watch, the tarniſh'd fields.
How ſweet the early huntſman winds his horn;
And oh! how ſweetly too it is refin'd,
By diſtant echo, in the wanton gale;
While th' high-mettled horſes, prick up their ears
Expectant, and th' uncoupl'd deep-mouth'd hounds,
Stretching their limbs, yelp eager for the chaſe.
The game and roſy health be their purſuit!
While th' crabbed lowly citizen, in view
Has other ſport; nor ſtops his ſwift career,
Till his cramm'd coffers, burſt, with ill-got ſtore.
Induſtr'ous earnings, I'd applaud to heav'n,
Heav'n approving, the ſame, wou'd reapplaud;
But riches, gather'd by nefarious means,
Are, in the end, cankers to human joy.
Many, alas! with fortunes not their own,
Roll in affluence, and oſtentatious waſte;
Their days one ſcene of luxury and riot!
While the juſt owners, pine in want, and woe;
Each new day, ſome mis'ry new appearing;
Till ſorrow teeming, ſorrows fruitful child,
Magnetic, draws them to a timeleſs grave!
The firſt companion of my tender years,

Found this an awful and a grievous truth.
From the common herd of men, Horatio
Selected was; a tried and valued friend:
His heart was open, and his love, ſincere;
Sweet Charity was enamour'd of him;
He ſtuck cloſe by her; in him, the needy
Ever found relief:—oh! 'twas his chief care
To ſearch the wretched out, and comfort them
With largeſs means, and ſoothing tenderneſs.
He dyed—lamented much, by all good men,
And left his infant ſon (my ſchoolfellow)
Heir to an eſtate—not inconſiderable:
It had been more, had he been leſs benevolent.
Hear; hear!—thou awful God of juſtice, hear!—
Are thoſe diſtinct, and moulded from thy hand,
With whom th' bonds of blood and nature, are
Silken ligatures, eaſy as cobwebs broke?—
—Shut th' book of holy writ—for ſhou'd we pauſe,
Th' immenſe deficiency, ſtrike the mad'ning thought,
A drear abyſs, where ſoul and body lies!
All nature's movements, wheel againſt herſelf,
And man is now, as the firſt angel, fall'n:
Th' ſtrongeſt friendſhip—with rotten packthread tied!
Brother 'gainſt brother wars, for int'reſt vile,
And e'en the one-twinn'd with him at a birth,
To filch of well-ſhared wealth he nightly plods

While Avarice grim, clofe at his elbows wait.
Oh judgment hard indeed, and yet too true,
A melancholy inftance lies before us.
Horatio with his dying breath, bequeath'd
Unto his brother, whom he lov'd full well,
The care of feeing his dear infant, rear'd,
In virtue's paths—to know his God! and tafte
The cheering comforts of religion pure.
His promife, to the niceft particle,
Was well perform'd, while many rolling years
Went o'er:—the day at length arrived, joyous,
That ripens into man, the goodly youth:
In gentleft terms, he for his birthright, fpake—
Hear, and revenge ye powers!—'twas deny'd!
The wretch had long revolv'd the means to keep it
Safe in his own grafp:—one way prefented,
And that, a way, which feem'd to cloak the deed;
His eldeft daughter now, had reach'd thofe years,
When the foft virgin, blufhing thro' her charms,
Yields to th' embrace of fome dear tender youth,
With hand to hand, mutual, heart to heart.
He tender'd her—fhe was refus'd, with marks
Of horror, and of indignation high!
He then was told fuch marriages were frequent!—
Too much fo, Sir,—replied the fteady youth,

Were they leſs, men would be leſs, inceſtuous!
Oh! give me love in all its delicacies!—
Th' faireſt am'ranth, that ſprings from roſy earth;
Soft, pure, and gentle, as the flowing tide;
Free, mild, and open, as th' ambient air;
Clear, bright, and ſhining, as the topaz flames;
And ſuch is frankincenſe for gods, and men!
You now Sir know my mind, which by my ſoul
I ſwear, ſhall never veer, but as the ſun,
Keep one due, common courſe; harder to check
Than fierce tempeſtuous ſeas—unleſs as them,
My mind is ſway'd by Luna's influence!
Your will, unjuſt, may haply be obey'd
When reaſon flies me, and I'm not myſelf:
Your frowns enforcement, then, will care me nothing.
They parted, each diſſatisfied—but oh!
Hard to tell—next morn, my Henry, was ſeiz'd—
My friend was ſeiz'd by rude unhallow'd hands;
Thrown in a priſon vile, for a vaſt ſum,
'Twas ſaid his education coſt!—ah! me!
He pin'd poor ſoul, for three ſad tedious years,
Then ſorrowing died—quite broken hearted!
Now this wretch—this uncle—as next of kin
Poſſeſſes it, and rolls in ſeeming eaſe!—
Curſes, deep, fall thick, and heavy on him!

Oh! in his winter days, may ev'ry coin,
Become a ſting, an inſect, venomous,
To gnaw this blight of ſweet humanity!
Oh! Nature! nature, of thy injuſtice,
I am near complaint—oh! why ſhou'd the rich
Spurn at the greateſt attribute of Heav'n?
And treat the gift, the noble God-like gift,
Dear Charity, as an unworthy thing?
Broad in wealth—but narrow in trueſt worth!
'Tis pity—but th' gen'rous are ever poor—
Save when the heart, ponders the goodly deed,
Then ev'ry thought, is worth a million acres!
Far richer each, than is a monarch's crown.
Oh! I cou'd waſte, years, on the grateful theme,
'Till ſecond childhood, pluckt me from my thought.
Nor mindleſs of thy pleaſing ſtudies; broad
And infinite, Philoſophy divine:
Back'd by the deep'ning wonders of Aſtrology!
To ſit and watch the motion of the heav'ns;
T' obſerve the ſpheres, in their ſucceſſive round;
To ſearch the ſun's returning cycle out:
Then ſing the beauties of revolving years.
The purple morn of Spring, ſweetly bedeck'd
With freſh primroſes—(oh! heart-cheering cry,
For it foretels the gladſome ſeaſon near)
When ſmiling Phœbus, ent'ring Taurus bold,

Without diſtinction gives the lowly ſhrub,
A leafage, green, as the moſt tow'ring branch;
Their ſleeky backs new plum'd, the birds come forth,
Vent'ring from out their gloomy, warm abodes,
And with miſdoubtful hop, from buſh to buſh,
Trembling, they ſeem their natures to forget,
'Till bolder growing, by repeated proffs,
Cheer'd by the ſun, with full expanded wing,
Warbling they daſh the empyrean ſky.

Now, Horus, mounted in his blazing car,
Gemini quitting a while in Cancer, burns,
Spreading wide, with boundleſs pow'r unnerving;
The noontide beams of Summer's parching heat;
And Nature, dreſt in gayeſt mantle, walks
Abroad, to view the gardens ſhe has made;
Nor do the flowers only wear a ſmiling face,
The friſky herd, participates the ſcene,
And equal with the ſchool-boy's wanton lave,
Breaking oft, with many a playful daſh,
The glaſſy ſurface of the limpid ſtream.
Now one loud clap, which ſeems to rend the air,
Grumbles the diſtant vaults of æther through!
While the poor prattler climbs the parent's knee,
(Protection fill'd with Nature's ſelf) and aſks,
" If God is angry with the naughty world?"

Wide burſts th' roaring torrent, down, and rapid

Impetuous as th' whirlwind, ſweeps afar!—
Pow'rful element! unequal oppoſition!
Now from the angel ſign, reluctant Sol,
(As a ſad lover parting from his love)
With Libra weighs, the equal day and night
Throughout wide Terra's deep, revolving round,
The Line, ſo called, by Ocean's gen'rous ſons,
Or Equinox autumnal. Now the corn
Ripe o'er the field, as a vaſt army waves;
And nut-brown Ceres, to her cot returns,
Deep laden with the ſwelling year, and preſt
With the rich fruits, of our old parent, Earth.
Now hoary Winter, ſpreads the ſullen gloom—
When Horus over Capricornus rules,
And redd'ning, angry, at his pow'r confin'd,
Wide rolls his blazing car, thro' æther's gates.
The winds blow keen, the lazy ſnows deſcend;
And adamantine bound, the captive waves,
That lately roll'd, ſo ſaucily along,
Creſt-fall'n, their azure wings, no longer ſkim,
And flit defiance at the angler's float;
While ſtifl'd myriads ſearch the friendly break,
And greedy, drink the lif'ning portion down:
E'en then thy beams, O Sun! but faintly ſhed,
(The ſummit of thy regal pow'r reſign'd
In favour of thy ſiſter goddeſs, dear)

Still cheers us, as we trip the glitt'ring ground.
Oh God! thy boundleſs, wonder-working hand,
Thy mercy infinite, and grace benign,
Are viſible in all things;—wherefore elſe,
The beſt on earth, ſo early ſnatch'd to heav'n?
Snatch'd from temptation's lure—which lulls and charms
The ſleeping ſenſes, into thoughtleſs deeds,
Wou'd the dear welfare hazard of our ſouls!
Or why the bad, unheeded left behind,
If not for heaven-born repentance ſake?
So in the end to be (if poſſible)
Somewhat worthy of thy ſweet ſalvation.
Oh heav'n, how greatly wond'rous are thy gifts,
Shou'd we ponder—what vaſt immenſity!
E'en from the faſhion of this thankleſs globe:
There Chaos ſtood—a rude ſtupendous maſs,
Confus'd and void—not bearing form ſo much,
As may be figur'd in a ſummer cloud!
From this ſide ſprang, by the all-wiſe command,
Fields, flowers, flocks, and tempting golden fruits,
Beauteous as thoſe where our firſt parents fell;
Steeds, oxen, herbs, and all the feather'd heaps
That wing the boſom of the liquid air!
Forth from the other, ocean, vaſt and boundleſs;
The finny legions; grim and rugged rocks;
And all that in this element inhabit:—

Then to complete the wond'rous design,
Forth from the centre, rush'd, the wonder, Man!
In reason, noble, and in form, majestic!
The striking image, e'en of God himself!
Thus was fair Creation form'd, sublime from nought,
Save the vast bounties of the Great Supreme!
Giver of all! the King of heav'n and earth;
And thus, on flow'rs treading, the rosy trip
Of nimble-footed morn, from midnight springs.

NOON.

WHERE ſhall I hide from the meridian heat?
Had giddy Phæton now the ſolar reins,
Perchance, the world wou'd ſhortly be on blaze!
—Shall I as th' ſhepherd, ſeek ſome cool retreat,
Shaded by poplars, where th' gentle ſtreamlet
Glides on, in wanton flow?—or the thick grove,
Where th' wide ſpreading branches, of the tall pines,
So cloſe embrace, day-light can ſcarce peep through?
How lazily yon tawny ditcher, digs,
Bare limb'd, three feet within the mine of earth,
The ſoft encroachment of Nature, ſpurning
In confcious, hard, neceſſitated uſe!—
The ſhepherds' curs are baſking in the ſun;
No balmy breeze breaks in upon the heat,
The winds condens'd, in bags are cloſe tied up;
The fainting herd, ſeek the refreſhing ſhade,
And panting ſteeds whoſe blood as madneſs boil,
Laves in the ſhallow brook;—the unnerv'd reaper,
The ſickle drops, from out his wither'd hand,
Meas'ring his ſwarthy length, along the ground,
As ſtruck by æthers, blue, electric fire!

How ſweetly calm, the face of Nature ſhows!
No noiſe is heard—ſave the ſwallows twitt'ring;
The drowſy hum of the reſiſtleſs bee;—
And chirping of the merry graſshopper,
Beating briſkly his green enamel'd ſides,
In playful mood, againſt a wither'd branch,
Which rings aloud, incredible indeed!
The ſapleſs hollow, having died away,
And this, to call th' females all together.
—Oh! what a heav'n-refreſhing gale was there,
Its ſweetneſs was ſtol'n from yon roſeate bow'r!
How it enriches and perfumes the air!
Now the poor oxen, and th' frolic ploughman,
Enjoy a ſweet, tho' ſhort ſurceaſe from toil.
Brown bread, cold meat, and thrilling home-brew'd ale,
The ſauce content, make him a hearty meal;
No ſad'ning thought, ſupine, breaks in, of where
The coſtly viand, decks the gaudy board;
For there, oft'times, the lordly owner's pall'd.
Sitting on a bench, playing with his dog,
He eats and talks;—he drinks and laughs aloud;
Shuts up his knife, and teaches Crab new tricks;
Plays a ſhort time in aukward clumſineſs,
With the hale, ſturdy, red-arm'd dairy maid;
And bawling the end of an old ballad,
Wherein ſome ghoſt is ſeen, with ſaucer eyes!

Some ſcullion rais'd to wealth!—or murder foul,
Found out by rattling ſtones!—ſcratch'd up by hounds,
Or loudly ſpoken by ſome thund'ring ſprite!
Theſe oft repeated, then to work inclin'd
Takes him to the half-furrow'd field again.

On yonder bank ſhaded with firs, behold
Where blithſome Colin ſits, his pipe laid by,
Pouring th' effuſions of his honeſt heart,
With fervent zeal, in lov'd Amanda's ear;
The dimpl'd ſmile, graces her bluſhing check,
Playful as loves upon the roſe's bed!

As the ivy, and honeyſuckle ſweet,
From one kind kindred ſtalk doth ſeem to grow:
So they in Love's ſweet magic, ſeem entwin'd;
See how ſhe glances!—languiſhing delight!—
Yet innocent as Hebe!—harmleſs maid,
Such looks doth ſilver Cynthia, deign mankind.

Happy! thrice happy ſwain, that loves full well,
And is full well belov'd:—what boundleſs bliſs!
What hybla ſweets, wou'd my Eliza lift,
Enraptur'd thus, to her Lorenzo's ſong!
But ah! th' miſtaken maid, as Daphne flies,
And as Apollo can I not purſue!
Oh! Love—'tis ſure againſt thy nature, roſy,
T' be thus worried into bare compliance.

One morn I met her, in the cypreſs grove,
Where love's ſoft tale's ſcarce ever told in vain;
And where the timid maid, with flutt'ring heart,
Firſt hears the ardent youth, declare his vows,
'Till truth ſerene, appears in ev'ry ſtrain,
Reciprocal in wiſh, they joy to meet,
And all the live-long day diſcourſe of love!
Where the gem illuſtrious—a guileleſs heart,
Aſbeſtos like, grows purer by the flame;
Where ſtealing pity, roots, and ripens quick,
To fondeſt wiſhes, for ſome ſadd'ning youth;
Where ſhepherds hie, to chant their tender lays,
And meet the gladſome eyes of their lov'd mates,
Which glancing, ſpeak, ten thouſand wordleſs things.
—No tread of guilty ghoſt, from the cold tomb
Emerg'd, to pour his plaints in waning night,
Or ſpeak of treaſures, hoarded in the lap
Of Earth—ill got, ere life pulſe ceas'd to beat,
For which, he waits, the awful, final day!
When crimes expanſive, all denude appear!
No ſuch ſad ſpirit can infeſt the haunt,
So ſtill! ſo hallow'd! is the ſacred ſhade!
There catching inſpiration, for the ſpot
Was conſecrated by the goddeſs bright
Who roſe from Ocean's bed—fair Venus call'd!

I op'd in accents ſoft my bleeding heart,
And dealt with all the eloquence of love:
For love wou'd make the dumb e'en rich in words,
Such force, as ſtudied ſpeech can ne'er attain.
Awhile ſhe liſten'd to my artleſs tale!
I thought me bleſt!—ſhe ſmil'd!—I was in heav'n!
But oh! when that I hop'd to ſeal my heart,
With fervent kiſſes on her ruby lips;
She, as a gliding phantom mock'd my hold!
And ſwifter than Ceneus' daughter, left me,
A wretch, invited to a rich repaſt,
But when approach'd—'twas marble! cruel maid.
Affection bade me follow—reaſon, ſtay—
And ſtrong to mem'ry brought the ſolemn compact;
If inclination ſweet, lead not the hand,
That free as air, preſents the gentle heart,
What joy permanent, what laſting bliſs,
Can the crampt ſoul, of ſuch a reptile taſte?
A dæmon, he—an angel ſacrifice!
Oh! rather let me ſhun the holy rite;
And as the ſhallow, ſelf-admiring boy,
Gazing i' the ſtream (downward alas! from heav'n)
Catch at the ſhadow of a trivial ſhade.
How beauteous does th' chequer'd landſcape ſhow,
Lo! here the brook, winding his wanton courſe,
And gently murm'ring, pace with the azure clouds;

There, the rude dashing of the foaming waters,
Falling impetuous 'tween the ruggid cliffs,
That hang stupendous, o'er the valley deep!
Westward the yellow fields—how the full face
Of golden Ceres, shines!—while the farmer
Climbs him some hill, to view his acres large,
Counting the produce of the swelling year,
His heart high bounds with transport at the gain.
Proceed, ye sons of labour and of wealth;
Your's be the task, to scatter plenty round,
With lavish hand; anticipate the wants,
And give the poor a blessing ere they ask.
Stretching towards the blazing East, behold
The frighted shepherd, with his crook and cur,
Bursts from the shade, as fearful of the wolf,
Who hungry, prowls ere noontide beams are past.
While the playful lambkins, unsuspicious,
Do skip and bound in harmless merriment.
Oh! God! how blest! how infinitely blest!
Cou'd I from this rude present nature leap,
And change with one, of yonder fleecy kind!
To frolic, cheerly range the flow'ry fields,
Drink of the fountain clear, and feed upon
Meanders green, moisten'd with morning dew:
No loves perplex their breasts, see how they roll
And play in friendship on the close-nipp'd turf!

Or if not ſo, oh! wou'd I had thine harp,
Thine, or thy ſire's, thou love-perſuading youth,
Son of the Delphic God! whoſe matron ſhines
Moſt prominent of all the inſpir'd nine,
Goddeſs of Rhet'ric, thrice divine Caliope!
How wretched th' ling'ring minutes paſs, to him
Who fondly doats—yet is not doated on;
Who loves, who mourns, who pines in dark'ning doubt,
Whoſe tender plaints, fill ev'ry dell and grove.
To you ye Naiades, I attune my lay;
To you Feronia, I addreſs my ſong;
To you ye Parcæ, ſiſters three—winged
With the dreary care of mortals, wretched,
Whoſe magic tells the future and the paſt;—
Or thou great Cybele, ſay, ſhall the nymph
That has ſuch honey-power o'er my ſoul,
E'er return ſweet for ſweet?—I conjure thee,
By Cœlum, the moſt ancient of the gods;
By Saturn, and the pine, all, ſacred all!
Tell me and eaſe my poor diſtracted ſoul:
For oh! when her bright beauties, ſhine not here,
Methinks the lamp of being is extinct!
Life is no life at all!—a gloomy void!
Goodneſs is loſt, unleſs 'tis good from her;
Nor aught without her, has its wonted taſte,
Save the ſour draught, of Sorrow's care-worn chalice;

With true love's tears repleniſh'd—unſweeten'd
With the faint and miſty glimm'ring of hope,
Which oft, tho' diſtant, breaks on the woe-worn wretch.
Careleſs of love and me the cruel maid
Smiles in deriſion of my hapleſs woe,
Or frowns, as fate, when I wou'd ope my heart,
And ſhow the purple drops that guſh from thence.
Lo! where yon gentle reader ſits, recluſe
From the gay world, beneath the nut-brown, bow'r,
Where ſun beams parching, cannot penetrate,
Indulging ſilent meditation!
Many and oft the times, that I have ſtol'n
From riotous, diſſipated revelry,
Where borrow'd flaſhes of repeated wit,
(Folly's ſenſe) have ſet the board in uproar,
'Till mirthful tears, like rain, ran down the cheeks
Of thoſe, that ne'er ſhed one, for others' woes:
From ſuch rude vacant laughs, thief like I've ſtol'n,
And tript me lightly to the cooling ſhade,
Enjoying there, a lonely contemplation!
Oh! to a mind, like mine, impreſs'd with love,
'Tis a ſoothing, rich, and luſcious banquet.
What ſweets melleous, the ſoft riſing breeze,
Wafts from yon field of ſcatter'd, new-mown hay,
Made ſtill more od'rous by its paſſage thro'
Yon cover'd hedge of pretty eglantine.

The more I ſtray, the more I ſtand amaz'd,
At Nature's full, and wonder-working ſcene!
Look where the hill, tow'ring, doth ſeem to check
The threat'ning brows of cumbrous leaden clouds;
Here the thick woods, aſkaunce the opening lawn,
There the rich mead, the dale, the tufted grove,
Th' mantling ivy, creeping on the remains
Of yonder gothic pile, which ſeems to boaſt,
As an old warrior, what he former was,
And ſtill proud of his remaining grandeur,
Majeſtic, keeps his rugged hoary head,
Full horizontal, with the luſty oaks:
Theſe and the ſilver ſtream, amid the trees
Oft hiding, playful, brings to our memory,
The well-ſtrung fables, of Arcadian haunts;
Of ſweet Bæotia's plains; or Ida's mount,
Where Priam's am'rous ſon, firſt gave to Love,
The golden preſent, in deſpite of heav'n:
Or of the fancy'd, deſcription florid,
Which Lucian gives, of the Elyſian ſhades!
For gazing, we may feaſt the wand'ring ſight;
Convolve a few of Nature's boundleſs works!
Then bleſs the firm omnipotence of God!

EVENING.

As th' traveller, when near his journey's end
Makes thrice the ſpeed he hitherto has done:
So Phœbus ſcours in haſte the weſt of heav'n.
Now ploughmen weary, quit the furrow'd fields,
And ſhepherds leave their tender fleecy care.
Lo! the horizon—how richly vary'd;
Low'ring—here heavy clouds of ſmoke are ſeen;
There, brighteſt flames emboſs the opal ſky!
Awful grandeur!—the heavens ſeem on fire!
Look as a maſs of gold yon windows blaze,
Burniſh'd ſo high as nearly ſcars the ſight.
Lo! ſilver Cynthia ſhews her modeſt brow,
And by Cynthius brighter beams diſcourag'd,
Mourns in ſadneſs pale her want of power!
As when an artiſt, long high-priz'd for ſkill,
Meets a pow'rful compeer in the liſts of fame,
He pines, as Luna, loſing worldly note,
And ſinks in Lethe's dark revolving lake,
Never alas! to riſe in ſplendor more:
Thus merit murders merit diffident,
As a miſteeming woman in the hour

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Of Nature's trial dang'rous—one poor ſoul,
Perforce muſt periſh, to preſerve the other.
Liſt! liſt ye worthy to the artleſs lay,
Ye, whom Providence and Fortune bounteous,
Have bleſt with plenty, never-knowing want,
Dependant want, that bender of the ſoul,
Warping the noble mind to meanneſs oft,
That meanneſs, ſharper than the ſelleſt fang
Of indigence, or mis'ry's clymax, high!
Oh! cramp luxuriance, in the bed of luſt,
Then ſearch the wants of wretchedneſs, unſought,
And give the ſurplus to the pining poor:
Thoſe moſt I mean, that ſigh in modeſt woe.
Look o'er yon hill, how beauteous th' expanſe
If aught can likeneſs heav'n's Omnipotent,
'Tis ſetting Phœbus in the midſt of glory!
Now as the Godhead lower ſhows, the face
Of æther's deck'd with STREAKS of liquid fire.
The birds ſing ſweetly at the parting day,
And wafts Apollo into heaven's gates,
With ſuiting powers of ſweeteſt melody!
Yonder's the cot, that lodg'd my father's friend,
His deareſt, much-lov'd friend, old honeſt Eaton.
Oh! memory,—wou'd thou wert abſent now—
E'en as the world, when merit is in want;
Oh! I cou'd ſwallow draughts of Lethe down,

Until the warders of the brain were drown'd,
The deed no ſooner done—gone by—forgot—
Deep buried, ne'er to ſtrike the wand'ring thought.
He had a daughter, fair as opening dawn;
Am'ranth immarceſſible! ſweeteſt of ſweets!
Roſes and lillies blended in her cheeks!
Loveliest of the lovely—ſoftly ſupine!
The form of Venus, chaſten'd by Dian's brow!
Dame Nature, when ſhe undertook the work,
From every fair inhabitant above,
Borrow'd a gift, to ſend a wonder here,
Perfect—and paragon her own bright image!
Oh! for an angel's pen, profuſely ſoft,
Agile to laviſh on the charming maid,
Praiſes—ſuch as religion gives to ſaints,
And drawing her ſweet picture from my mind,
Strike mortals wonder—ſmacking of heav'ns ſelf!
Painful rapture—proceed we to our tale.
Fair Emma lov'd Philander well;—ah! me
Too well alas! for ſuch a perjur'd youth;
His ſire a worldling, rich and pow'rful was;
But riches had no pow'r with her, ſweet ſoul!
In faith ſhe lov'd him for himſelf alone.
With grief old Eaton ſaw, ſhe treaſur'd up
His honey vows, and lock'd 'em next her heart:
For thro' the veil of education's ſenſe,

He cou'd diſcern a meanneſs of ability;
And (tho' deep cloak'd with ſeeming worth) a heart
Callous to heav'n-born humanity!

One morn he met him, where yon ſpreading oaks,
Proud of their vigour, rears their ſaucy heads,
Ixion like, to kiſs the mocking cloud;
And keenly, with a father's cautious eye,
Oft queſtion'd him on love?—the ſhameleſs youth,
Suppoſing him too poor to need diſguiſe,
Told him flat ſtories of his ſev'ral loves!
How many fair ones ſigh'd for virtue loſt;
How many honor'd dames, for favor ſu'd;
Yet he alike deſpis'd them all!—on theſe
And ſuch wild themes, he long fantaſtic dwelt:
At length they parted—he to cuſtom'd ſports,
Old Eaton to his home, ſeeking his child;
He found her ſeated on a violet bed,
Weeping over the ſad diſtreſſing tale,
Of Philomela's woes, full ſad indeed!
Oft unſeen he look'd—paternal fondneſs,
While the big tears ſtole down his hollow cheeks;
Wiping them off—he thus began: come near
My Emma, darling of my age, come near!
When thy poor mother, Emma, dy'd and left me,
Lone as th' turtle-dove, full wan with ſorrow;
Each ſad day, more than dying, ſince her death:

For thrice nine years ſhe fill'd theſe wither'd arms
And liv'd, (oh! heav'n!) bleſt in love's ſweet magic!
My only comfort then on earth was thee:
Oft have I fondly gaz'd, and in thee trac'd
Her much-lov'd lineaments!—her ev'ry feature!
When ſmiling, I have kiſs'd and hugg'd thee cloſe
Cloſe my Emma.—Oh! child wert thou perverſe
And proudly careleſs of thy father's will!,
Ah! ſoon, ah! ſoon, 'twou'd bow this hoary head,
With ſorrow magnetic, to the ſilent grave!
Thou then wou'dſt weep my Emma, and lament
Thy poor old father's loſs;—I know thou wou'dſt:
For goodneſs and perfection, all are thine
But liſt to my unfolding, Emma liſt.
Beware—in time beware the practis'd wiles,
And cruel ſubtilties of faithleſs man:
Thy tender years and conſcious innocence,
Of ripen'd judgment, leave thee more in want:
For Emma, dear my child, too plain I ſee
Thy love for one, I fear the very worſt—
The one moſt cruel of the cruel race:
You wot the man I mean—Philander!—nay,
Reſtrain thoſe guſhing tears, my life's ſweet balm,
They ſcald thy pallid cheek, and chill my heart!
Yet for ſtern juſtice ſake, as well as thine,
A parent's duty, bids me not recede;

Go on I muſt:—yet woe alas! the day!
I ſee in this, (avert it gentle heav'n)
Thy certain fate, and mine; in my old age,
Spite of my care, I've caught affliction's cup,
And perforce muſt drink, deep, to th' very dregs,
The bitter, bitter draught, lugubrious!
Unleſs kind Providence take part with me.
His form ſtrikes truly, fair as roſy morn;
But oh! I fear his mind's as midnight dark:
Honeſt he ſeems; but all are not true men,
Who play on Nature, ſeeming ſo much more:
Religion and morality, are cloaks
To black deception;—'tis as who ſhou'd ſay,
A devil dreſſes in an angel's garb!
Ill-got wealth and pow'r, now, are ſanctions baſe,
For ev'ry evil, villany, and rudeneſs!—
Nay weep not ſweet!—for—honeſt yet he looks;
But to look honeſt is the deceiver's art!
The moſt apparent good, often turns out,
(Spite of th' faireſt face,) our very worſt of ills!
Security lulls, till conqueſt falls aſleep
Pride-ſick, yet impotent in all—ſave thought.
Truſt not his angel ſmiles; I know him, falſe;—
Mark! Emma, mark!—*thou wilt know more and ſoon.*
Alack! grief never comes, without a long
Attendant train! but now, a ſtripling gave me

This letter at the threſhold :—the contents
I fear to look on :—'tis from my brother.—
Oh! Emma! he writes, th' damp, cold hand of Death,
Hath put his ſtamp upon him—and begs me,
Haſten to cloſe the eyes—the dying eyes
Of a truſty brother, loving, and belov'd!
Oh! 'tis a grievous taſk;—ſo near in blood!
I fear me much, this is a prelude ſad,
That ſpeaks ſome tragedy far worſe behind.
Come fate what will, this moment I'll away,
And as the fadd'ning ſon of Leda, weep,
Till the night-flame, Ignis fatuus, drown,
Niobe like, in depth of ſtubborn dole.—
Tho' ſixty miles, (the obſequies perform'd,)
Ere Phœbus thrice the hot meridian mounts,
So pleaſe th' Almighty not to let my way!
I will return, as meditation, ſwift.
—One kiſs, my Emma!—that may be the laſt!
Away—what means my ill-preſaging ſoul?
Laſt night I dreamt an Eagle's goring fangs,
Tore thee from my arms, and mounted ſtraight to heav'n:
Sure that was ominous;—but that's not all!
Early this morning, as I walk'd the grove,
A robin perch'd me on the ſhoulder top!
What ſhou'd it mean?—pſhaw, a childiſh weakneſs,
All is not here at reſt, and when the mind's diſeas'd,

The pulſe, as an ill clock, beat not in uniſon,
Then vacant—nerveleſs lethargies creep in,
And nothings quite unman us—Ha! three drops!
And why not three, th' ſame as three and twenty?—
One on my palm!—oh! myſterious heaven!
Thy bleſſed will be done.—Farewel! farewel!
And fate cries out, for ever, and for aye!
Now Sol, his blazing car, had ſcarcely drove
Beyond the midway heav'n, ere Emma's maid,
Swift on the wings of keen impatience borne,
Flew to Philander, with the welcome news
Of Eaton's journey!—thrice he kiſs'd the wretch;
And full as oft made promiſes of gold,
If ſhe when Nature all lay huſh'd at eaſe,
And Somnus with his leaden wand, had wav'd
The king of cares, in down, to balmy ſleep!
If ſhe wou'd give him ſecret conduct, ſafe,
Unknown to any, ſave the ſtars of heav'n,
Into her miſtreſs's chamber!—thus ſeduc'd
By golden promiſes, the wretch comply'd!
Oh! bane of honeſty—thrice accurſed gold!
What worthleſs myriads, won by glitt'ring words
And thee, have bought and ſold their very God,
And worſhipp'd thee! thou foul deceiver, thee!
Oh! that Chaos had o'ercome th' world again
Ere midnight had arriv'd.—At length the hour,

Dark, approach'd, his villain purpoſe, aiding,
Thither he repair'd, with Tarquin haſte, and was
By th' gold-loving, guilty wretch, admitted.
Now my heart throbs, and knocks againſt my breaſt
As 'twou'd force paſſage, to the open day!
Lie ſtill! lie ſtill! I have not wrung thee yet.
As the Dragon, watching the golden fruit;
Or Satyr, big with cruelty and luſt,
The Dæmon crowding, in his hiding place,
Lay robber like, th' hour of plunder, waiting;
But ah! what wretch, ſo guilty, as the one,
Who robs and plunders, that, he ſhou'd proteſt?
She enter'd, placid, with a book in hand,
Which ever in her lonely hours ſhe held,
And meditating on the tale ſhe'd read,—
Where Dido wept, her dear Æneas' loſs!
The tear at length, became a let to ſight,
And ſhe prepar'd to take ſome needful reſt.
When ſhe had part undreſs'd, and as Diana,
No ſecret, making, of her charms: like her,
Ne'er dreaming, of a foul Actæon, near!
Turning her eyes, ſhe ſaw him, ſhreek'd aloud!
Darted fierce lightnings on him, and demanded,
Why he o'erleap'd the pales of modeſty?
For what cauſe?—the great cauſe of love (ſaid he),
Emma, behold thy dying lover—thus!

If thou'rt unkind—by all the bleſſed ſaints!
By heav'n itſelf—and heav'n's likeneſs, thee!
By thoſe bright twinkling ſtars, in Æther's face,
Or thoſe ſtill brighter, from thy matchleſs brow!
By all the horrors that I ſuffer here,
And thoſe hereafter, due to mighty crimes,
If thou'rt unkind, this moment is my laſt.
Oh! I am frantic; love hath made me mad!
Ah cruel maid!—I know not what I do!
Tell me gentle Emma—quickly tell me,
Haſt thou not in cold obedience given
Thy promis'd hand, if not thy faithleſs heart,
To ſome lov'd youth, more favour'd than Philander?
Ah! wretch accurſt, thou like a flow'r art doom'd
To droop forlorn, and wither in thy bloom;
Traduc'd by villain, ſpoilers of fair fame;
And now an outcaſt alien to thy love:
What maniac's ſorrows can be like to mine?
Poor trembling maid, full griev'd to ſee and hear
Such ſeeming ſad diſtreſs, fell on her knees
And made a ſolemn vow; when ſhe forſook
Her dear Philander!—in her dying moments!
When her ſoul fled, full of expectant bliſs,
Might heav'n ſhut the door of gracious mercy!
Oh! angel ſounds, (the wily youth replied)
Sweet as ſalvation to the worſt of ſinners:

I muſt believe thee—thou'rt my oracle!
Yet ere we ſep'rate, promiſe the next dawn
Shall make thee by the ties of wedlock, mine!
And do you love your poor Philander ſtill?
Oh! 'twere more than ſacrilege to doubt it!
Yet oh! my boding heart!—this may be falſe,
To lure a youth, moſt wretched made by love,
Till loſt inevitable—in deſtruction deep!
Alas! what proff (rejoin'd the tender maid),
Remains within my broadeſt pow'r to give?
—What proff! my Emma?—Oh! one ſtill remains,
Wou'd make my troubles but an empty ſpace!
E'en that were nothing, as at dawn we wed,
When none, ſave Death, the gordian knot unties:
Think, think on that my love—nay—wonder not!
If you deny, this is not truth you utter.
Then embracing her with joy preſuming,
And dropping tears—falſe as the Crocodile,
Which length'ning, crawls from Egypt's ſilver flood,
To ſeek, with fang deſtructive, Inland prey!
Ah! me, ah! me, can'ſt thou not pity, Emma?
'Tis fabl'd oft, women have tender hearts:
It cannot be, for her I idolize!
And worſhip next to heav'n—(nay more I fear!)
Laughs at my grief, and mocks my ſad deſpair!
When one ſweet ſmile, the ſmile of love approv'd,

Wou'd ſnatch a wretch from ſorrow's drear abyſs,
Striking the clymax ſhort of gath'ring woes,
And build the ladder that aſcends to heav'n;
She muſt—my Emma—oh! I'm on the rack!
You cannot ſure refuſe my fond requeſt!
I know thou'rt goodneſs all! and inborn worth,
The pride of Nature is poſſeſt of thee!

Then rudely thruſting his unhallow'd hand,
With villain fervour, in her iv'ry neck,
Whiter by far than Lapland ſnows, new-fall'n!
She check'd his ardour; but too faintly check'd:
He preſs'd her tenderly to yield:—ſhe ſigh'd
And wept—he preſs'd again: and oh! as oft
He preſs'd, as oft th' orient pearly beads,
Stole gently down her crimſon bluſhing cheeks,
(As dew drops from the damaſk roſe) and hung
With trembling luſtre on her coral lip,
Which he as oft kiſs'd eagerly away.

Ah! wretched man (ſaid he), to love ſo much
And not be lov'd again!—not lov'd again!
Ye guardian pow'rs of innocence diſtreſs'd,
Bear witneſs for me, to what height I love;
Nor e'er will ceaſe to prove, by virtuous means,
That my fond ſoul has not another wiſh:
Then oh! ſweet Emma, do not thus delay
To prove thou ow'ſt me ſo much love indeed,

And teach the bankrupt heart to pay the ſame.
Then gently pulling her, ſhe in his arms
Fainting—yielded—oh! God!—her virgin treaſure.
Here ſtop we ſhort—the die of Fate is caſt;
Start back, bright radiance—heav'n's luminary
Hide thy fair face behind the thickeſt cloud,
And wand'ring—ſet in night!—in endleſs night!
Weep, angels weep—ſhed tears ye pitying ſaints,
And thus a ſecond time the world deluge;
Puniſhing ſeduction's heavy crimes! let no
Good deed be done in this accurſed hour;
Let deep'ning horrors multiply ſo faſt,
That e'en arithmetic can't reckon up!
Let the broad face of this ſtupendous maſs,
Be like the villains—ſmiling to deceive;
Let propagation make an awful ſtop;
Let brother (like the firſt ſanguineous),
More than maniac fell—ſhed brother's blood;
Let fathers ruthleſs turn their deadly hate
Upon their ſons; ſons on their aged parents;
Each with dire vengeance warring 'gainſt th' other,
Thruſting, Nero like, ſweet Nature out of doors,
As a vile proſtitute, to teem no more—
Till all things move againſt her common courſe,
And loſe their make:—ſo end, oblivion dark—
For oh! the ſweeteſt innocence is gone,

That e'er cheer'd feeble age, with filial care,
Or ſmil'd upon the bluſhing face of day.
  Why does this diſſineſs o'ercloud my ſight!
Why does my trembling knees each other knock!
My blood run chill! my lanquid pulſe ſcarce beat!
I ſink! I droop! expreſſion where art thou?
Some turn or two, and then my palſy'd hand,
Snatching the burſting tumult of my heart,
My pen ſhall reaſſume!—pardon the pauſe.
  Early i' th' morn, ere ſun-riſe, he aroſe,
Sated no doubt, (for ſweeteſt things will ſate,
Not lawfully begotten)—telling her
That he in ſooth, and kindneſs dear of heart,
Wou'd inſtant forth, and pray his ſire's conſent;
And that an hour ere the ſilver moon, did
With her ſtarry train ſpangle pale Æther's front,
He wou'd not fail, if life remain'd a gift,
On the ſlow-riſing eminence to meet her,
Where beds of roſes ſweet, incarnadine
The velvet ground—aſide the ſummer houſe,
Shaded with ivy, honeyſuckle, and
With pretty jeſſamine beſet ſo neat.
  When the beaſtial wretch, tir'd with Tarquin luſt
And Cataline deceit; as either eminent
In what pertain'd to hell, and guilt unheard of!
When he preparing was to take his leave,

Oh! God of heav'n, th' miſeries ſhe endur'd!
She hung on him, ſweet ſoul, and faltering
With voice ſcarce articulate, ſhe ſaid,
" *This cruel parting, my exiſtence ſteals,*"
Sweet ſenſative, one rude touch, depriv'd thee
Of life, and all the comforts, age might yield.
He kiſs'd her, made fair promiſes, and ſqueez'd
Her lilly hand, with ſeeming ardour, cloſe;
Kiſs'd again her pallid check; then parted,
Proud of his conqueſt—ne'er to ſee her more!
May the deep curſes of Pandora, all,
Await his ſteps, till of exiſtence weary,
With ſuicide, he ends a wretched life,
Big and replete with wond'rous villanies:
So ſtand enroll'd for hell's worſt primal plagues.
Gods! as the boy—I cou'd ſhed tears and rant
For grief's beyond the pow'r of human cure!
The day paſs'd on, and not one thought,
Emancipated from the priſon'd whole,
Save th' advice, her tender father left her!
That!—that like a lightning cloud, condens'd;—or ſea,
Burſting the barriers of the whiten'd ſhore,
With a loud craſh, throws millions on the ſtrand:
Emerging thus, her buſy brain was rack'd.
And Incoherency ſat with pow'r grim!
Hideous!—confus'd in pomp!—Night at length,

Sorrowful night, appear'd in darkneſs ſad
Array'd;—the wiſh'd, yet dreaded hour, approach'd:
Time pitying her, perambulated ſlow,
Kindly meand'ring—fearful of itſelf!
Now ſorrowful, preſs'd down, with mis'ry's weights,
Solemn and ſad, ſhe walk'd her to the bank,
Where firſt was gain'd her virgin heart, with vows
Of conſtant love, moſt pure appearing, then.
No one cou'd her impatient eyes behold!
Tho' the unteem'd hour might ſeem paſs'd and gone:
For gliding time, which with the woeful waits,
Ling'ring in procraſtination cruel,
Mounts on ſwifteſt pinions with the thoughtleſs gay.
Half th' next glaſs, with horror moſt deſpondent,
Such as ne'er touch'd her gentle mind before,
She waited ſad;—Philander not appear'd:
(The wretch had gone a journey with a friend!)
Frighted ſhe rang'd about, calling his name!
Echo! ſad maid more deeply pitying that
Which touch'd the ſtory of her own hard woes,
Anſwer'd in kindneſs from her ſecret cell:
None, ſave her, and ſhe in ſadneſs equal!
Then ſtarting wild with joy extreme, ſhe cry'd!
" I hear him coming!—oh! ſweet conſtant youth,
" I knew he wou'd not leave me, I ſhou'd mourn
" And die—poor Emma, wou'd be wretched! hah

" 'Tis not him!—'tis the wind kiſſing the trees?
" The fickle wind:—he ne'er will kiſs me more.
" Wilt thou not come, Philander?—wilt thou not."
Then the big tears guſh'd from her ſtarry eyes.
" Wilt thou not come?" (ſaid ſhe) poor innocent!
Thy hapleſs fate, when thy ſad tale is told
Wou'd melt the hardeſt marble—an hour paſs'd;
She waited ſtill, in ſad condition ſeated:
With downcaſt looks, with lilly hands, claſping
The bended knee—ineffable in grief;
Her ſtreaming eyes, dropt tears inceſſantly!
At laſt as one recovering from a trance;
Or ſtarting quick—an animated ſtatue!
She cried—" I will no longer bear this weight,
" This three-fold weight, of miſery and guilt;
" Lucretia gave one blow, and all was peace.
" Then oh! my tender father! yet I know
" He'd rather I ſhou'd die, than live with—madneſs!
" Oh! thou virtuous, good old man, what pangs—
" No more! no more!—I linger—this to try!—
" Oh! mountain on mountain fall—bury me quick,
" Deep as the centre, or old Ocean's caves!
" Peace!—the deed is done—he ruin'd me—and—
" No more! no more!—Nature, thou'lt ſoon be paid."
Then with a thorn, pricking her ſnow-white arm!

The crimſon gore, follow'd the wound;—her eyes,
Her comet eyes, that ſhone ſo bright, grew dim;
The roſe's bud, that lately blooming, liv'd,
Fluſhing the ſweet vermilion in her cheeks,
Vanquiſh'd by th' pale lilly, yielded the prize,
To the cold arms of Death; and as a turtle
Lamenting her loſt love; or a primroſe
Nipp'd by an April froſt—ſhe ſunk and dy'd.
For the miſtaken crime, to terminate
Such mighty woes!—oh God! oh God! forgive her.
Here leave we this hapleſs fair one, wrapp'd
In ſilent ſhades, and turn to honeſt Eaton.
Death he'd already dealt with: his brother
Dy'd in his arms.—Scarce had he trod th' margin
Of the broad plain, where yonder cottage ſtands,
But buſy numbers told him what had fall'n:
A tale like this ſoon ſpreads the village round.
He ran diſtracted to the fatal place;
Caught his lov'd Emma in his arms;—kiſſing
Her clay-cold lips; and looking upward, ſeem'd
T' accuſe the gods, in ſilent eloquence!
Then dropping her (for Death when firſt he heard
The news, ſapient, dire fate and he communing,
With forceful blow, his very heartſtrings riv'd)
Woe-worn, luctuous, ſnatching her hand, he fell,

His face towards the earth, and ne'er arose,
Or spake again.—The pitying crowd, entomb'd
Their sad remains together—and inscrib'd
A short memorial of their wretched fate.

Th' treacherous maid, who flew when Emma dy'd,
Ne'er tarry'd till Philander she had found;
And told th' sad tale—most bitterly he wept.
And stung by conscience—or I know not what,
At night, resolv'd to see once more, the place
That had so fatal prov'd;—poor satisfaction
For Emma, murder'd lamb!—was that a requiem
For her departed soul? Ah! no! He came;
Search'd the red dye, incarnadin'd by blood
That issued from the wound:—he wept! he tore
His rugged locks, and howl'd in deep despair,
The bitterest imprecations on himself!—
Then glaring wild, striking his forehead, cried,
Whip me ye devils with your flaming brands!
Ha!—gracious heav'n, what weeping form is that?
'Tis she! 'tis she!—and angels 'tend her down!
Th' Saviour of mankind!—was three days punish'd!
Then rose!—but 'tis not so with her! sweet shade
I bow in rev'rence!—lo! the deadly sting!
Now she perforates her lilly arm!—now
The streaming gore, forth gushes from the wound!

—Now—now ſhe falls!—Save—Oh madneſs, ſave me!
'Tis malice of the gods to torture thus:
Lapithæ's prince ty'd roaſting on the wheel;
Siſyphus th' ſtone perpetual rolling;
Tantalus ſteep'd his throat in boiling blood;
Phlegias fearful of the waving rock;
Or mighty Tityus chain'd, while Vultures peck'd,
And gnaw'd his liver, of eternal growth:
Thoſe! conjoin'd, were puniſhments—pitiful,
To the deep horrors that ſurround me now!
Soft!—She's vaniſh'd—and wav'd me to follow,
With th' moſt benignant ſmile! Oh! miſery!
Miſery!—that ſtings deep! proceed—I come!
Sweet ſhade I follow!—ay to th' very brink
Of vaſt eternity!—then down he fell,
E'en as the unknown hand of Pow'r ſtruck him!——
The ſky grew thick, condens'd; the rains beat hard;
The thunders roll'd along the diſtant vaults,
In angry parle; the vivid lightnings flew.
He roſe to meet the ſtorm; when the red arm
Of ireful heav'n ſent a dreadful flaſh,
Which hurl'd Philander, blazing to the ground.
"Yet I will riſe—another!" (he exclaim'd)
"Nay then 'tis warring with the mighty gods;
"And giants cannot do it!—Oh! I'm loſt!

" Deſtructions come! now devils drag me down!
" Sweet mercy! mercy!—I had none! none! none!
" I ſink! I'm drown'd in foaming ſeas of blood!
" Good devils, ſting not a heart, already ſtung
" By fate's dire arrows to untimely death:
" Fell fiends!—looſen your graſp! you've only pow'r
" O'er my ſoul!—my body now is——nothing."

And thou oh! Muſe, pardon this digreſſion;
The mournful tale, hung heavy on my mind;
As tears are oft, a ſweet relief to woe,
Diſcloſing it has eas'd my troubl'd heart.

Thus in emanation, we the chaſte Muſe
Puniſh;—ſnatching bright objects as they riſe;
Courting aſcending thought time-ſerving all.

Nor ſcorn oh! Eminence th' unpoliſh'd lay,
Since half afraid to touch the ſounding lyre,
Our trembling hand recoil'd; nor dealt it e'er
With elegance of form or pomp of words:
'Tis ours to ſtrike with Nature's ſimple tale,
The gentle heart that beats for foreign woes:
To gentle hearts—oh! may they aye be ſo.

Yon marble clouds, as mountains ſeem, or rocks,
Whoſe heads o'ertop the liquid element,
Hoary, and awful to the ſhipwreck'd brave.
Lo! where declining Phœbus ſinks beneath

Yon hill;—and caſting forth his brighter beams,
(For now the ſolar verge is only ſeen!)
Expands his golden wings to climes unknown;
Quite ſunk to us, weary and out of breath,
Tir'd of his diurnal journey, pants,
Wide on the boſom of the boundleſs deep.

NIGHT.

DAUGHTER of Chaos, Night, in ebon car,
With poppy crown'd, by four jet courſers drawn,
Wide ſpreads her ſable mantle as ſhe creeps,
Embracing coldly half the æther ball.
Hail Nox, ſorrowful goddeſs! Hail thou balm,
And ſweet reſtorer of the lab'ring hind,
At whoſe long-wiſh'd approach the rugged frowns
Of hungry care, vaniſh in haſte afar,
And ſmiles bedimple o'er the ruſtic's face;
Whoſe coming brings a welcome hard-earn'd meal,
Perhaps the only one ſince riſing ſun:
Yet even he, in thoughtleſs penury,
Can ſit him down, and feaſt on rich content.
In him the want of riches is no want,
Paſſing as the ſubtile wind, unheeded by;
No unlook'd for riſe can fortune give him,
Nor poverty griping, throw him farther back,
With feeling ſenſible, and bitter fall.
He lives, and has a thouſand means to live,
Shou'd preſent living fail! cheerly with uſe,

And riſing Phœbus does his toil begin;
With ſetting eve, 'tis done; when ſwift as thought,
Or as a Miſer to count o'er his wealth:
He flies to ſhare the fond, and lov'd embrace,
Of ſome kind duteous mate, as Dian true;
And oh! the dear heart-raviſhing delights
Of ſweeteſt prattle, from a num'rous offspring.

And who ſhall ſay, but heav'n all-bounteous, gave
A maſs of riches, in thoſe ſoft endearments!
The mines of Plutus cannot give as much!
'Tis true, while Horus full of noontide pow'r,
Darting wide flames, ſearing his nut-brown ſkin,
With eagle eyes, he turns upon the god!
And ſmiling, toil pervades;—but Oh! 'tis toil
(Heart-cheering thought) 'tis toil for thoſe he loves:
That, and that only quickens every nerve,
Giving each petty artery (from the heart,
Leading the vital ſpirit thro' the whole)
Herculean ſtrength!—he rolls in living wealth!

And thou, oh! ear-delighting Philomel
Thrice welcome:---thy plaintive ſtrains mellifluous,
Charm my all-wonder raviſh'd ſenſes, ſoft,
As tho' the vaults of heav'n open'd wide,
And choirs of angels tun'd their melting lays,
Enchanting us frail mortals here below,

With dulcet tides of heav'nly harmony!
Oh! what a dying fall was there!——again
Sweet mournful bird! Oh! wou'd I cou'd command thee.
  Yonder th' gloomy Owl, enthron'd in Ivy
With ſadneſs ſits, unheeded of its kind,
And looks a grave forſaken Majeſty.
Welcome Minerva's bird, wiſdom for aye,
Knowing whoſe thou art, muſt ſacred hold thee.
  Behold! Lucina breaks yon ſilver cloud,
And peeping 'tween the wormleſs Cedars tall,
On the ſoft, murm'ring, crinkl'd ſtreamlet plays:
Now ſhe o'ertops the mountain clouds, and ſhines,
Peerleſs, like Chaſtity, ſerene indeed!
  As divine Seneca, here ſit we down,
Thoughtful on heav'n, and inly ruminate,
The good and evil of the day paſs'd by.
'Tis done, moſt certain; cannot be recall'd:
'Tis mark'd in heav'n's record; ſave penitence,
Nought can blot it out.—Our gathering crimes
We wou'd forget, moſt willingly forget;
Yet, in remembrance, 'tis good we have them;
By example preſent, we may avoid
Future ills: then ſhou'd grim Death elect us,
We ſtand the fairer candidates for heav'n.
  Night brings reflection! and oh! when we reflect,
Say who wou'd tread Ambition's ruthleſs path!

What's all the pomp of Vanity ſupreme,
When a few poor hours caſts—our ſum of being!
Morning, the Infancy; and Spring of life;
Noon, the hot Prime, and Summers of our day;
Evening, th' break, and Autumn's wane, opaque;
Night, feeble Age and cheerleſs Winter's gloom,
When Death ſteps in and cloſes our account!
Thus boaſted anceſtry! high birth! envy,
Pride, and vain glory—moulders into nothing.
  The mount Ambition has a pleaſing top;
A blaze of glory, ſeems encircl'd there;
But he who climbs, as th' fooliſh moth, too high,
Reſiſtleſs flies, tow'rds the alluring flame,
Quick terminating in a blazing ruin.
——Down, down Ambition, 'tis a reſtleſs toil.
  Crowns are baubles—alas! no envy'd things.
Full narrow are the paths that mortals tread;
A deep and drear abyſs on either ſide!
But Rulers!—narrower ſtill:—one ſtumble,
(And many things there are attract the ſight)
Myriads of beings, ineffable may fall!
The verieſt clown, when's daily taſk is done,
Is happier than the proudeſt of them all:
Supine in agile thought, he ſleeps content,
Nor aught diſturbs him, till th' ſoaring lav'rock,
Calls him to plough:—he whiſtling goes. A king!

Ten thouſand dreams diſturb his pillow'd reſt:
Thought, devours thought, no ſooner teem'd, than
ſwallow'd.
The parent of a wild and ſcatter'd offſpring;
He fears for all—and knows not why he fears!
Perhaps in waſteful war, deſtructive, plung'd;
Plung'd by court ſycophants! harpies, greedy!
Inſects of faſhion, pageantry and pomp;
The ſtings of nations, and th' curſe of Princes!
Thus oft does manly reſolution ſink,
As virtue, loſt by ſilver-tongu'd Perſuaſion!
What art thou War, that at thy dire approach
Thou fright'ſt pale-fac'd Humanity afar!
Seeking for ſhelter in ſome foreign clime?
And Echo, ſcar'd at thy all-blaſting breath
Hides in her moſs-grown cave, and dare not name thee!
Can there be muſic in each dying groan,
That thou thy iron face doth dreſs in ſmiles,
Thoſe ſmiles that beam moſt foreign to thine heart?
Can the field incarnadin'd, be of tread,
Soft as the velvet carpeting of Peace?
Can the blood guſhing from each gaping wound,
Pleaſe thee as tears, new-fall'n at Pity's ſhrine!
Oh! for Jove's thunder, quick to hurl the wretch,
With redd'ning bolt, deep as the centre down,
In whoſe fell breaſt, hell's blackeſt fiends, infus'd

Dire cruelty, and Pity filcht away:
Oh! where art thou, dear Pity to be found,
If not inhabiting the breasts of men?
The honest part, 'twou'd make with eagle fang,
Dig deep in the bowels of th' vilest earth,
(For in the VILEST earth, she sure must dwell)
And tear up Pity by the very roots!

Tremble, thou wretch! thou harbinger of blood!
Thou prosecutor of a war, unjust!
Or dwell'st thou here, or on the farthest shore,
That Sol in his diurnal journey views;
Hid'st thou in cavern, rock, or i' th' centre,
The very centre of unfathom'd deeps,
Destruction in some horrid shape awaits thee!
Be thy brows bound with regal ornament,
Or wear'st thou greatness in some other form!
Thou art hell's own; most deeply lost! to thee,
The coal-black Indian is as pure as snow:
The father's murder, and the orphan's cries;
The widow's moans, and tears of purple gore;
Th' heart-rending sighs, augmenting the keen blast;
Th' envenom'd miseries, sharper than the steel,
Or bullet deadly!—instruments of death!
Nay ev'ry gun that roars, Jove's thunder mocking,
Thou in thy heart receiv'st, mistaken man,
'Tis thou that fall'st:—— the sword that's only aim'd

To ſtrike the gentle and entrenchant air,
Preſs daily deeper, thy inſatiate ſoul!
Tho' thy proud heart holds thee, buoyant high,
Plunging thy hated, ſea-ſick, weary bark,
In tides of blood, to bear thy greatneſs up!
Still th' rude ſtorms of conſcience will annoy,
And vultures ope their dire, horrific jaws!
Swallowing thyſelf—and poorer greatneſs up.

Is there a place throughout the world's extreme,
That ſuch a reptile ought to call his own?
Yes one—him there ſome genii quick convey,
Far from the ſhore, where peace and plenty dwell:
Uproar ye billows, and aſſault the clouds!
Riſe hurricanes from Terra's central void!
And blow with whirlwinds ſweep the guilty wretch,
To that foul ſhore, where Sodom deep ingulf'd,
With all its filthy reptiles lie: Sodom
From foul and filthy deeds of guilt, ſo call'd!

Faſt by this ſteril ſoil, the deſert dreadful!
Where firſt the evil ſpirit try'd to win
The Lord's anointed ſon:—but try'd in vain,
Unhallow'd ſpot! horror with horror teeming!
Many-headed! the gloomy whole throughout!
Forſa'en of all mankind, to this dread ſpot
Confin'd—there let him ſit and meditate,
On faction direful:—than whom, more guilty, none.

Be it not his, to view from thoſe dread cliffs,
Arabia's hills;—'tis bleſſing far too great:
His the dead ſea, where miſty mountains guard,
Fatal to th' feather'd heaps who fain wou'd wing
Their airy flight: for the air cloſe condens'd,
Their wings no longer ſkim the liquid ſpace,
So wont of late, free as itſelf to rove;
They ſwell! they fall! ſtifl'd by vapours foul!
A prey to monſters, in the thick'ning lake,
Who open mouth'd receive 'em, as the ſhark,
Or as the ſerpent, cloſe at Eden's gate,
Watching the fall of our firſt parents ſad.
The black'ning pebbles on the frothy ſtrand,
Bubbling—kindle a blue ſulphurous blaze;
The finny tribes, portentious roll along,
Pois'nous to ſee;—moſt peſtilent to touch.

Nor his e'en here, the farther part to view:
Northward of th' deep, border'd with Tam'rind cloſe
Many a dark maze through, and craggy ſteep,
The holy waters of the Jordan wind!
Let not his preſence blight the fruitful ſhore;
But brooding with deſpair, and famine, meagre,
Yield up his guilty ghoſt to ready fiends,
While birds ill-omen'd, flit around his head,
And ſcream to catch th' morſel foul, cadav'rous!
There let him rot, without the needful rite

Of decent obſequies, or mourning friends!
(To ſay thus much, "He's gone, God reſt his ſoul.")
A prey to blood, and dire ambition foul;
To war, and int'reſt baſe—example dreadful!
Oh! Tully! what amazing gifts were thine!
Thou ſurely as Prometheus, ſtole from heav'n
That fire, that lively energetic fire,
Which e'en the dulleſt clod muſt animate!
And I'll think (not for 'tis thine opinion)
That when Cæſar, in Brutus, met his fate,
There laid a cav'ling, poor, diſſentious rogue.
Give me th' man, whoſe ſenſibility, and ſenſe,
Like twins go hand in hand, life's barriers thro':
But oh! to ſee a man, by goddeſs nature,
Gifted with talent, broad, capacious!
Yet rotten as an apple at the heart,
Contempt and pity, thrill thro' every vein,
I feel!——I know not how!——ſuch wretch I ſcorn!
Oh! 'tis a villain, with an eyeſight clear!
'Tis Satan abuſing heav'n, in the midſt
Of heav'n's ſelf! a God with human frailty.
We cannot look for reaſon in a fool.
He ſins in error; 'tis not conſcious guilt;
A murder in a dream!—oft by pointing
The horrors of the crime he wou'd commit,
Alarm'd! he haſtily repents, and ſpurns

The dire mischief, as fell poison from him;
But in the wretch sanguineous! by Nature
Endow'd with reason, more than common sense,
'Tis murder aforethought! or e'er 'tis done,
He sees the streaming gore before his eyes!
He pauses in contrivance (horrid pause!)
And does the deed with unrecoiling hand!
That! that is bold sac'd guilt, hell meriting!
And I can feel more pity, for the broad
Insatiate crimes of Nero, than in compare,
The well-seeming, nothingness of Cæsar's.
Ponder our annals thro', there's not a one
That owes his fate to his severity:
Painful th' task to tell, how many princes
Have been butcher'd, owing their mild natures,
A fault angelic, (if a fault it is)
Too much of human kindness!—sadd'ning thought,
Henry of England! Louis too of France,
Are of meek-ey'd lenity, examples sad!
Oh! I cou'd petrify—weep into stone,
When those poor monarch's cross my imag'ry!
Away! dull thought! cling not so fast upon me.
Goodness hath birth from bad appearance oft,
Thrusted to light, by Providence divine;
And half the blessings we enjoy to her,
And accident, we owe, matur'd by man

Firſt, th' leathern-wing'd ſhip of Charon mould,
In which th' tardy Mariner ventur'd out,
A little from the land;—next with hollow bark,
They ſtrike old Ocean's ſurface; till at length
Aægeon, or Semiramis, th' ſwelling ſail,
Stately, fill'd with bluſtering wind and ſtrong
Invented for their uſe: when th' bold Pilot
By the ſpangl'd heav'n's guided, brav'd the deep,
Safe in experience, unknown tracts they trace,
While Seamen hardy climb her topmaſt yard;
The ſaucy wave laſh'd her ſtrong brazen ſides,
And Commerce ſpread her golden wings around.
Two brilliant ſtars now i' th' weſt of heav'n,
Twinkle as the diamonds in Eliza's face!
Ha! why ſhou'd one drop?—certain 'twas a tear,
Let fall in pity for her lover's woes.
Tell me, bright ſemblance, tell me haſt thou ſworn
Cold chaſtity, like thy fair miſtreſs there?
If ſo—'twou'd be vanity to woo Thee.
Lend me thy lyre, Mitylenean Sappho!
Thou immenſely felt th' turbid pow'r of love;
Thoughtleſs of thy lurid woes! influent
Spread the ſoft refinement round, with myrrhine
Scents, delectable and ſweet! oh! form th' ſoul
Immutably to love; and raiſe th' human mind,
To Godlike inſpiration! from that fountain

Flows th' gen'rous draught, to evil, Lethean,
Enforcing goodneſs, purifying all!
Virtue and Love, as inmates ever dear.
What orbs of ſight doth cluſter æther's front!
No marvel, that the God of light, all ſees:—
Th' Argus-face of heav'n hath an eye for each!
Errors they wink at—viewing guiltineſs,
They ſtart with horror back!—but th' goodly deed,
Bring the huge drop that ſparkles in the orb,
E'en as th' glorious ſun, when he doth ſhow,
Beauty thro' tears—like weeping majeſty!
Such gracioufneſs hath God in virtues view!
What in magnificence, and grandeur, can
With thoſe nocturnal globes refulgent vie!
Th' di'mond-paved heav'ns, tell how rich the place!
All this, and more, hath his beneficence,
Promis'd to thoſe that follow virtue's path!
How immenſe th' gift!—how little our deſerts!
Gazing with lovers fondneſs, I cou'd ſtay
The live-long night—in adoration wrapp'd!
E'en till Aurora in her golden car,
Whipping her fiery courſers thro' the eaſt,
Pluck'd me from my enchanted revery!
Adieu! ye bright inhabitants, adieu!
Ye ſplendid tribes of unknown worlds, farewel!
Death's image, ſleep, hangs on my leaden brow,

And weary'd Nature calls for needful reſt.
Adieu, oh Cynthia! bright tranſcendent maid!
Adieu ye conſtellations! lamps of Æther!
Heav'n's banquetting lights! celeſtial bodies!

On DEATH.

Oh! Lamb of heav'n! Omnipotent divine!
Open thy gates, of grace and mercy, wide,
And let a ſoul-repentant ſinner in!
What awfulneſs is ſeated in the form
Of each attending on the good man's exit!
Death, thou haſt nought to conquer, here. Behold!
What mild ſerenity (compoſure ſweet!)
Dwells in the viſage of the dying man:
Oh! pow'rful proof of a well-guided life!
Lo! now he turns him in the eaſieſt form;
And looking up, in adoration mute!
Claſping his hands—he like a lamb expires!
Not e'en the farewel groan, emancipate,
The ſignal of the ſoul and body's parting!
So tacit his adieu, the ſtanders by,
Wrapp'd full in ſilent woe, can ſcarcely tell,
Whether the ſpirit's from the body fled.
He ſleeps eterne! the ſtorms of life, no more
Triumphant daſh his ſea-ſick weary bark!
Farewel! farewel bleſt hallow'd ſaint; Angels,

Ay myriads, with their tuneful choir defcend,
And waft thy foul, in melody to heav'n!
Reform ye libertines, and learn from this,
Of faint-ey'd Penitence, the wond'rous pow'r!
Can th' wretch, in his awful hour (for 't muft come)
Lab'ring with mighty crimes, and preft with doubt,
Fearful if falvation reach his leaft of ills!
Meet his dread audit, with a peace like this?
Ah! no—the mind in ftrongeft colours paint,
The pangs and tortures of th' dying maniac:
Oh! horrible!—lo! he grins in anguifh!
Now his red balls he rolls! at nothing grafps!
Look, how he glares, as he'd tranfpierce ye thro'!
Behold! he beckens, as he wou'd impart
Something too huge for utterance!—Alas!
Poor wither'd wretch, and doft thou weep? why then
There's hope of mercy yet—mercy which like
The dew of heav'n, cheers the drooping flower.
Now, now he's off again!—poor tortur'd foul,
Oh! how thy crimes convulfe thee! Hark! he fpeaks—
"*Save me! oh fave me!*"—Angels catch the founds,
And bear 'em on your rofy pinions, fwift,
T' th' lenient records of Almighty God!
Behold!—this moment is his laft!—fee how
He writhes in torment, as his heart wou'd burft!

Lo! in dire extremity, his parch'd mouth
Bites th' poor covering of his wretched couch;
Now! now behold!—he rises! groans, and dies.
  Oh! may the God of mercy, in the day
Of trial, call thy fleeting soul to peace,
And leave thy crimes forgotten, in the grave.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 3	read	*teems* for *teem.*
5	—	*chace* for *chase.*
6	—	*strikes* for *strike.*
7	—	*waits* for *wait.*
10	—	*proof* for *proff.*
32	—	*beats* for *beat.*
58	—	*brings* for *bring.*